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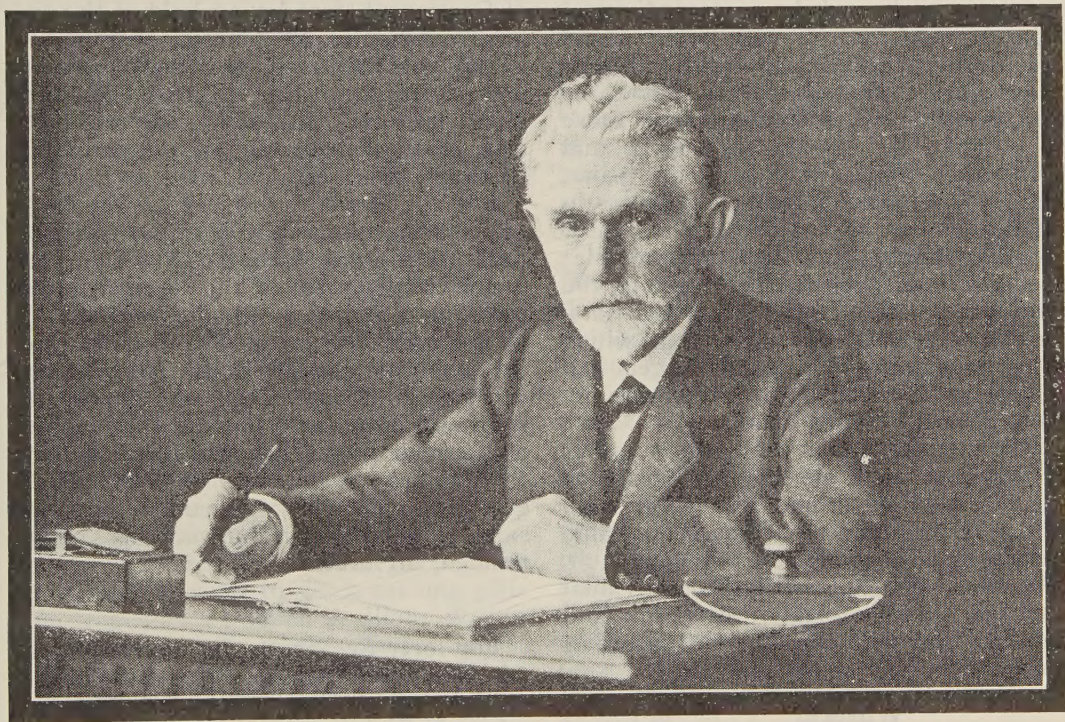
VOL. XIV

SEPTEMBER, 1913

No. 3

August Bebel

By Frank Bohn



A. Bebel.

IN the autobiography of August Bebel we find the following paragraph:

"It is my personal conviction that even the most remarkable and influential of men is more often the thing driven than the driving power; that he can do little more than help

into being that which in a given state of society is pressing onward to the realization and recognition which are essentially its due. This being my belief, I have been saved from regarding my own activities as anything more than those of a willing helper at a birth, of whose origin he is entirely innocent." (p. 5).

This fundamental Bebel not only held as truth in theory, but he lived by it in action during more than fifty years of fighting—fighting marked by bitter poverty and the crown of distinguished leadership, by years of self-sacrifice, suffering and imprisonment, and also by the love and admiration accorded in full measure by tens of millions of the world's working people. The international Socialist movement has produced at least its quota of selfish careerists and conceited prigs. When it produces a MAN, a real one, whose life is great with service to his class and to civilization, Socialists yield to none in giving praise. Bebel has said how little the individual can do. Looking at his labors with a calmness which time and distance permit, it is for us now to testify how much he as an individual did.

The international movement has produced during sixty-five years only three men whose services compare with those of August Bebel—Marx, Engels and Liebknecht. These four worked in pairs, Marx and Engels as secluded scholars in London, doing work without which later progress would have been unthinkable; Liebknecht and Bebel, accepting fully the intellectual heritage of their predecessors, organized and led the movement which the scholarship of Marx and Engels had proven to be necessary to the emancipation of the working class.

Not only has the movement in no other nation given us a quartet comparable to this, it has not produced another man whose services can be compared in value to those of any one of these four. The fault, of course, lies not with the individual men of France, Italy, England and America, but with the inherent nature of the movement in those countries.

Whence?

Why this movement and this leadership in Germany? The answer lies deep in the history of Germany during the first half of the nineteenth century. The Germany which produced the minds of Marx and Engels in 1848 had produced the minds of Kant and Hegel, of Goethe and Schiller in 1800. Germany came upon the field of later nineteenth century history equipped with an intellectual life

which put her in a class by herself. An English or American Marx or Engels in 1848 is absolutely unthinkable. Likewise an English or American Bebel or Liebknecht in 1870.

The second underlying cause of movement and men was 1848. The English Revolution with its life-giving originality and boundless enthusiasms came to a sad ending in the ancient times of the seventeenth century. England went to sleep in 1660 and until the last five years she has given forth only drowsy murmurings. France exhausted herself during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic era. So, until nearly the close of the nineteenth century, economically undeveloped and mentally inert, the working class of France was forced to await the example of Germany before laying hold of the situation at home. In America there could be no revolutionary proletarian movement until, near the close of the nineteenth century, the industrial revolution was accomplished and all the available free land was occupied.

But in Germany we see at an early period a harmonious convergence of the necessary social forces: (1) The economic development of the Rhenish provinces and Saxony; (2) the heritage of German intellectual idealism, which was the inspiration of 1848; (3) political liberalism in the Rhenish provinces and southern Germany following the Napoleonic era in those sections; (4) from out this milieu came the aforementioned group of men who were aided by thousands like-minded, but not as large-minded, or forceful.

What?

For forty-five years, day and night, in season and out, August Bebel stood in the public life of Germany and before the whole international movement as the incarnation of a complete system of social philosophy and of a definite, organized, practical movement for the realization of the ideal of that system. This system rests upon four pillars: (1) The slavery and degradation of the working class as a brutal fact; (2) the class struggle as the only method by which the workers are to obtain freedom and provide for the evolution instead of the degeneration of civil-

ized society; (3) political action as a means, and only a means, to the goal; (4) a never ceasing emphasis upon that goal—a free international industrial society, without classes, exploitation or political oppression whatsoever.

Bebel never for a single moment took his eyes from the greater to fill his mind with the husks of a lesser hope.

Bebel's Autobiography.

In "My Life" (published in English by the University of Chicago press), Bebel has given us a life story comparable in fascinating interest to those of Benjamin Franklin and Rousseau. It should serve as a text-book of personal conduct to every one engaged in the service of the working class movement. In every chapter one constantly turns back to re-read this simple story of what has been perhaps the most useful human life of the last half century.

His mother was the daughter of a baker and peasant farmer; his father was a poverty-stricken soldier in the Prussian army.

"For years my highest ambition was just once to get my fill of bread and butter." (p. 33.)

The father finally died of consumption, leaving the family in utter poverty. His mother then married his father's brother in order to have the children provided with food. There followed two years of parental cruelty and then his step-father died. His mother became a seamstress, earning "not enough to live on, yet too much to die on." She, too, finally contracted consumption and at the age of eight August went to work earning pitiable wages as a kitchen scullion. When he was thirteen his mother died.

Here is a typical story from the working class. Childhood and youth aches in every joint from poverty and all the miseries that poverty alone can bring.

Bebel was fortunate in being enabled to master a trade which later permitted him to secure a decent living. His uncle asked him what he would like to be.

"I should like to be a mining engineer."

"What! Have you the money for your studies?"

"This question dispelled my dream."

And so Bebel became a wood-turner

and an engineer of the institutions of men instead of mines.

At that time the apprentices still completed their training by wandering about Germany, working here and there. Most happily did young August wander on foot from the Rhine to the Tyrol and back to the Rhine.

"I repeatedly got wet to the skin and chilled to the bone. I have often wondered that I was never seriously ill. I never possessed any woolen underclothing, an overcoat remained an unknown luxury. Often of a morning I would don my clothes, still wet from the day before and fated to get still wetter during the day."

During this period he confiscated fruit from the garden of a Bishop, basing his action upon that passage of St. Ambrose which states that "Nature has given all goods to all men in common; for God has created all things so that all men may enjoy them in common." While working in the city of Weimar he organized among his companions a strike against poor food. He had never heard of such a thing before. The strike was successful.

When, his years of wandering ended, Bebel finally settled in 1860 in Leipsic, there was no labor movement of any kind in Germany. The bourgeois Liberal or Democratic Party had organized, as a sort of crutch upon which to hobble into power, a group of workingmen's societies. These were presumably for educational and social purposes. One of them Bebel joined and thus gained his first experience in organization and public speaking. Apparently, no one in Leipsic then knew of the theories of Marx and Engels. But the workers finally found their feet and took charge of these societies. Bebel does not fail to give Lassalle credit for first awakening him to a knowledge of Socialism.

The German movement no more so than any other sprang forth full-armed from the head of leadership. In the later sixties, according to Bebel's lucid description, it seems to have been as broken by factions, as susceptible to charlatanism and as much given to vain conceits as our American movement at the present time. It will come as a surprise to many that, during the first period of his struggle

with the Lassalleans, Bebel was not a Socialist. A study of the brilliant writings of his distinguished opponent was making one of him when there came upon the scene—Liebknecht. And Liebknecht soon aided in making a sounder Socialist of Bebel than Lassalle could ever have been. This was in 1865. Liebknecht was fourteen years the elder, better educated, a man of travel and experience. "He was a man of iron, but his heart was the heart of a child," says Bebel.

Lassalle is criticised by Bebel in a most guarded manner, but still with enough acerbity to leave the impression that Bebel agrees with those who think that the most fortunate event that ever happened to the reputation of Lassalle was his early death. We now know from the autobiography of Helene von Rackawitz that a fool Lassalle could make of himself when he discussed his own career with indulgent friends. But even with the death of Lassalle and the conversion to Socialism of the group to which Bebel adhered, the way was not clear for unity, for there lived and wrought in the German Socialist movement of that day a curious character, Jean Baptist von Schweitzer, whose intrigues kept the movement divided for ten years. Bebel considers the work of this man of enough importance to devote to it a complete chapter.

Bebel and Political Action.

During the past six years there has raged throughout the whole movement one of the severest controversies of its history. Shall the working class take part in political action, and if so to what extent and to what end? Some of the ablest and most active members of the movement in France, Italy, England and America are declaring that political action of any kind is futile. The argument which seems to be most effective is that, in England, France and Italy, when Socialists have been elected to Parliament they have gradually lost their spirit and have often become actual traitors to the cause. That there has been practically no anti-parliamentary movement in Germany seems to have been overlooked. In Germany almost no one has argued that

the workers are inherently such weaklings as to make confidence in a parliamentary group impossible under any condition.

In 1867, when Bebel first took his place in the Reichstag, he and his colleagues assumed a position which served as a precedent to German Socialism unto the day of the Revolution. In those early times there existed a difference of opinion between Bebel and Liebknecht regarding this matter. Bebel says:

"To take part in its Assembly otherwise than by protest and absolute negation, was in his (Liebknecht's) eyes a betrayal of the revolutionary ideal. No truckling, therefore, no compromise and arrangement; no attempts to influence legislation in our favor.

"I did not share this conception of the revolutionary ideal. I was for protest and denial whenever they were necessary."

So the question in that heroic time was not, Shall we compromise with other parties or not? but, Shall we remain absolutely silent or rise from our seats and fight them?

Liebknecht then believed that there would soon be a civil war, hence political action could be nothing more than protest. After 1870 and the Empire he came over to Bebel's view.

And what a war they waged upon their enemies! Today all classes the world over are becoming international in spirit. But when Bebel took his Reichstag seat in 1867, it was the heyday of nationalist patriotism. The United States had just re-cemented its union with such terrible sacrifices. In Italy the aristocracy and the capitalists had taken up the work begun by Mazzini and Garibaldi and were within three years of their triumph. In Germany national unity had been the cherished dream of all classes, with the exception of a few regnant particularists, for centuries. Never has there been a greater outburst of patriotic pride and fervor than that which followed Sedan. The political Democrats of 1848 joined the Monarchists in acclaiming the Empire. Against this tidal wave the handful of Socialists raised their arms. The executive committee of the party was dragged in chains to a fortress prison. In the Reichstag the Socialists mustered five votes against three hundred and ninety-two. Bebel, fresh from his turner's bench, declared to Junkers and

Major-Generals and intellectuals that the war on the French Republic must cease and protested against the vote of funds for war purposes. "A large part of the house were seized with a kind of frenzy," he writes. "Dozens of members rushed at us with clenched fists." (p. 215.)

A political conflict of this kind requires men—men like Bebel. Mice and rats will fight on no field. So long as a Samuel Gompers or a Ramsey McDonald are in the leadership of an ignorant following, a movement is worthless, either as a labor union or a political party. A coward and a traitor in Parliament will be a coward and a traitor at a strike conference.

Harmless politicians are not sent to jail by the powers that be. Bebel was working at his bench in December, 1870, when he was arrested and imprisoned on the charge of high treason. Again and again did he make the acquaintance of the jailer—now for three months, again for two years. But the time thus spent was not lost. He utilized this time for studies both wide and profound, laying the foundation for his great work on "Woman" and other writings.

Unity of the German Movement.

Bebel stood first for "No Compromise", second, for unity on that basis. Either of these policies is a broken reed without the other. As the former demanded great firmness and an abiding faith in the deepest forces, so the latter required infinite patience and much consideration for the views of others. In 1875 Marx and Engels failed to perceive the necessity for unity with the Lassalleans. Bebel refers to them rather sarcastically as "the two old gentlemen in London," who looked upon their "clever tactical move" as "mere weakness." The revolutionary theorist, apart from the practical work of the movement, naturally becomes hopelessly "pure." With Bebel the "holier than thou" attitude never overcame his sense of the inestimable strength which unity alone can develop. The Gotha Program established a unity lasting even beyond the dreams of those who witnessed its accomplishment. How many times the universal confidence in Bebel has maintained this solidarity would be

hard to say. His bitterest opponents have never once questioned his motives. A glance at his face either in the quiet dignity of repose, or in action, as he pleads for things ultimate, make clear wherein this power lay. A movement so permeated with the spirit of solidarity could laugh either at the exceptional laws of a Bismarck or the revisionist schemes of a Bernstein.

The German movement now most surely faces, it is said, a stormy and dangerous period. So it does. But the work done cannot be undone. Its gigantic and strongly-wrought machine of organization is not given to fantastical by-plays. The coming ten years are to witness the crisis. Of course, there is much discussion and hesitancy before the storm.

Other aspects of Bebel's remarkably fruitful life we can hardly touch upon here. "Woman," his masterpiece, has been for a generation the arsenal from which the working-class woman's movement has drawn its weapons. That his literary fame rests so largely upon this single work proves how far-visioned was his intellectual grasp of the socializing forces. To misunderstand or underestimate the nature and scope of the movement for sex freedom is to fathom one's Socialism as only skin-deep. Bebel took this piece rejected of the greater builders and made of it the cornerstone.

The time for such as Bebel has now passed. The sword which falls from the grasp of this giant is wielded by a thousand weaker arms. Individuals can play such conspicuous parts only at the birth of great philosophies and during the foundation of world movements. When the movement has transformed its plastic materials of ideas and men into a smoothly functioning institution, the work of a Gregory I or of a Hildebrand become quite superfluous. But it is something to have lived in a period raised to eminence not only by its wide acceptance of a saving philosophy, but urged, also, to life by the living brains of a Marx and an Engels; a period not only moved to a mighty reorganization through the toil and struggle of a hundred millions, but quickened, likewise, to the very heart, by the voice and touch of a Liebknecht and of an August Bebel.



PRODUCTS OF CAPITALISM—

The Cure for Poverty

By Robert Barr

Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

YOU have never heard of any organization of rich men or women that has declared itself in favor of abolishing poverty. You will hear ministers urging folks to "help the poor" and you will see philanthropists donating money to charitable organizations, you may even see groups of rick folks organized for the purpose of distributing—or giving back—to the workers a tiny little portion of the great wealth that has been taken away from them.

You will see a mine owner, who keeps for himself all the coal the miners dig from his mines, giving thousands of dollars to charity. He would be the last man in the world to propose a y organization that would give the value of his product to the workingman instead of to the mine owner.

Nearly everybody is willing, or so they say in public, to REFORM things. Almost all rich men want to see the shops and mills or mines of their acquaintances REFORMED to give better working conditions to the workers.

Of course it is only natural for a mine owner who has seen the bodies of workers killed in his mine, to feel a strong repugnance to working in the mine himself. The more he knows of the miseries of the working class, the tighter he grips the ownership of the mine, the more he fights any organization that aims at the abolition of poverty.

If workingmen and women received the value of their products, if the farm worker did not have to dig up half his crops to a boss, if the miner received the value of the coal he dug, and the baker



PARK SCENE IN ANY LARGE CITY

of the bread he baked, if the weaver and garment worker received the value of the goods they make—there would not be a poverty-stricken workingman or woman on the face of the earth. The only poor man would be the man who refused to perform any useful work. Those who actually suffered from poverty would be those healthy individuals that refused to give their share of service to society. We might find the Rockefellers, Harrimans, Goulds and Astors seeking to enjoy careers of idleness in luxury as they do now. But the luxury would probably not be forthcoming. The man who would have, would be the man who worked.

Naturally it has remained for the poverty-stricken people of the world to try to abolish poverty. And the poverty-stricken class is the working class.

Did you ever notice that the lawyer, who has never grown a grain of wheat in his life, is the man who goes to his office at 10 o'clock in the morning. The advertising agent, who never made a pair of shoes or built a house, works a few hours a day. The capitalist sows not, but he reaps in the shekels from the labor of those who work.

It is the man who drains the swamps, who feeds the world, who builds houses and makes clothes that works long hours. And these workingmen belong to the great army of the poverty-stricken.

But the working class of the world is in a constant state of revolt against a social system that it feeds and clothes and shelters and that robs it of everything but a scanty existence.

The workers have discovered that they are very many and that the millionaires, who appropriate their products, are very few, and so these workers are everywhere uniting to overthrow the system that makes for idle millionaires and half-starved workers.

They have discovered that if they will vote together, and organize into One Big Union, if they will fight together and strike together, they can abolish this horrible system of wage-slavery.

This is why the great Army of Socialism is growing by leaps and bounds. The working class is the *big* class. One workingman can do nothing, but a hundred million workers, united against the few millionaire property owners, can do all things.

Socialists propose that the useless "jobs" shall be abolished; that the very finest and most modern machinery shall be used to perform the world's drudgery and that men and women shall unite to do the necessary work of feeding, clothing and housing the world with the least possible expenditure of human labor, in the least possible time.

It proposes that those who work shall reap the harvests of their labor, without any boss to come along and appropriate their crops, their coal, their clothing, or the houses they build.

This will mean four or five hours of work a day for the workers and leisure to enjoy all the good things of this earth.

It will mean an easy job for every man and woman. It will mean luxury for every workingman and woman. It will mean the certainty of a life-long job and

rest and comfort in old age. It will mean the best food, the best clothing, the best education for our children.

It will mean no more anxiety about a job in the future. It will mean no fear of the poor house for the fathers and mothers of the workingmen and women. It will mean steady work, easy work, regular pleasures, new joys and happiness for every able-bodied man and woman who performs a useful service for society.

If you are not a Socialist, WHY NOT?

We have told you what we are working for. Do you want to help? If you do, STUDY SOCIALISM. Learn how to help. Our motto is One Big Union of all the workers and the Socialist Party to serve us in the great struggle all along the way!

Labor's "Leaders and Friends"

By Bert Willard

TWO of the chief influences tending to keep Labor in slavery are "Labor Leaders" and the "Friends of Labor." Time and again has Labor fought long and valiantly for the right to live, in many of which conflicts Labor has suffered all the horrors of hell, then when victory was within their grasp it has been snatched away by treacherous "Leaders" and traitorous "Friends."

It has ever been so. Labor has ever been betrayed by its "Leaders," crucified by its "Friends."

We of the Brotherhood of Labor must no longer put our faith, our trust, in "Leaders," nor in "Friends." Our faith, our hopes, must abide in ourselves. We cannot look to "Leaders," or to "Friends," for emancipation; we must emancipate ourselves, or forever be bound in slavery. We must save ourselves if we are ever to be saved.

We need to fear our "Leaders" and our "Friends" more than we fear our exploiters. Our exploiters are our avowed enemies; but our "Leaders" and our "Friends" sap our very life-blood while pretending to nourish and protect us. We need to know

that they, too, are our enemies, that they are our exploiters; they live off of our labor. They are content to pose as "Labor Leaders" and "Friends of Labor" only so long as we will permit them to get their feet in the trough. Socialist "Leaders" are no better than other varieties of "Labor Leaders": they, too, must get their feet in the trough.

Labor's blind faith in "Leaders" and in "Friends" keep the hosts of Labor bound in slavery. "Labor Leaders" and the "Friends of Labor" are the decoys that lead Labor into the master's shambles. Our "Leaders" and our "Friends" deliver us, bound and gagged, into the hands of our enemies.

The time has come for us to act. Let us arise. Let us have done with the twin curses, "Labor Leaders" and the "Friends of Labor." Let us learn to do for ourselves. Let us do our own leading and be our own friends. For Labor is its only friend and should be its only leader. Our only hope lies in ourselves. That which we cannot or will not do for ourselves, the same will not be done. Then let us do what we will have to do, and let us do it quickly.

¶ The last mail from our South African comrades states that 31 workers have been killed, 417 injured and imprisoned.

The Iron Heel in South Africa

By the "Hobo"

THE greatest industrial struggle in South African history is on at this moment. As usual, a small spark started the fires of revolt. Five underground mechanics on the New Kleinfontein gold mine were informed by the manager that, instead of ceasing work at 12 noon on Saturdays, they would be required to remain down below until 3 p. m. This the men refused to do, and were immediately dismissed.

All the employes struck work in sympathy with the victimized men. Fortunately, the Benoni district, in which the mine is situated, is a hotbed of revolutionary thought. The whole of our comrades, men and women, immediately took up the fight. The adjoining mines—Van Ryn, Modderfontein, Apex—were soon out to a man.

Today, "July 4th," a general strike has been declared. There has been a small amount of the usual muddling of affairs by the old craft unions, but so strong is the tide of industrial democracy that they have been swept off their feet in the attempt to hold back the movement. The strike now stands for the reinstatement of the men victimized at Kleinfontein. Most of the mines have issued notices to the employes to clear out of quarters in which they are living, twenty-four hours being given to the single men and five days to the married ones.

Every mine will be idle on the night of the fourth.

The state railways throughout South Africa are taking the matter up and will probably enter the field to redress their own grievances at this extremely opportune moment.

Regiments of infantry, cavalry and artillery are being rapidly pushed to the affected area. The usual proclamation has been issued forbidding more than six persons to congregate in the streets or public places. The workers have, however, defied the authorities and held their demonstrations in spite of them. The chief of police issued a warning to all women and children to keep out of the streets on this occasion.

This made the women more determined than ever. They flocked from all parts to Benoni and the demonstration was a huge success.

Since penning the above lines three days have elapsed—three days and nights of horror.

The general strike was declared and every industry held up, including government and municipal works. Sanitary work only is allowed in congested areas.

The capitalists' gun men have done their employers' work with unparalleled thoroughness.

Men and women who were shopping in the four main thoroughfares were shot down in cold blood by the Imperial British troops and colonial police forces. Cavalry charges have taken place in the main open spaces and squares. Men have been butchered, bayoneted and shot, indiscriminately. Scenes of horror rarely witnessed in the history of the world are being enacted while I am penning these lines, Tuesday, July 8.

The details of the horrors enacted are too awful to write.

Yesterday the workers refused to soil their hands until their martyrs had been decently buried. The procession was

many miles in length. The South African Socialists sent two wreaths on which were cards inscribed:

**"In Memory of Our Martyrs Who Were
Foully Murdered in Cold Blood
by the Capitalist Class."**



GRAVES OF THE VICTIMS

The worst of the killings took place on Saturday afternoon in Johannesburg. Men and women were making a few of the usual week-end purchases, entirely unaware that anything in the nature of martial law was in existence, the proclamation only being posted on a few buildings. One unfortunate woman leaving a store received a bullet as she stepped on to the sidewalk. Her husband thinking she had fainted, rushed to her assistance and was also shot. A small boy selling the *Strike Herald* was shot through the back. The First Dragoons is a crack British cavalry regiment. Its men were stationed at a point where two roads crossed, and swept the people from the streets in four directions.

Cables have been sent to London asking our comrades "To organize a protest meeting in Trafalgar Square against the cold-blooded murder of innocent persons in the streets of Johannesburg during the present crisis."

The solidarity of the men and women

in the fight has, however, been a record in industrial history. Everything has happened so suddenly. Events sufficient in themselves to wake up the whole country have crowded themselves into such a small space of time that a detailed account of all that has happened is at present an impossibility. Four days from the declaration of a general strike, and we are back at work. The majority of unions have given notice that: If within fourteen days of the sitting of the government commission (which is to be appointed this month) the improved conditions of hours and pay are not conceded, they will come out again to a man.

Comrade Mary Fitzgerald, our bravest woman leader, has been arrested for "inciting to violence." I don't wonder. The Capitalist class and their pimps must dread her as much as all of us men combined.

An hour after the cavalry had charged us out of Market Square with drawn swords, I could see our comrade holding forth in the center of the square. A regiment of cavalry in close order in front, mounted police with pick handles on either side, while two police officers were ordering her to step down, stop speaking and go home. I think the authorities were afraid to arrest her while the excitement lasted. I am sure the strikers would have commenced smashing up property had they done so.

Comrade Archibald Crawford, who paid America a visit two years ago, is in court on a similar charge.

The organized bodies are busy getting their demands licked into shape, to present to the commission. Some of the principal ones are: An eight hour working day, time and a half for overtime, double time for Sunday work. Night shift to receive 25 per cent more than day shift workmen. No apprentices to be sent underground; consolidation of all benefit society funds under state control; mine employes to have the right to occupy their quarters for one month after dismissal; no victimization for expressing political or industrial opinions in public.

I tried to snap some of the Dragoons when they charged us, but they made so much dust that pictures were impossible.

I feel that I have lived through a few pages of Jack London's "Iron Heel."

The inclosed clippings are from Capitalist papers:

"Many of the strikers dispersed to their homes, but there were others who were determined on more destruction, and before morning they had given evidence of their night's work. Saturday had been a day of firing houses and property.

"The first house to receive attention was one occupied by a man known as the 'Scab King.' The furniture, including a piano, was burned in the public street, to which it was dragged.

"The incendiaries next found their way to

the goods sheds at the railway station. An unsuccessful attempt had been made on these buildings the night before, but yesterday morning's attempt was quickly successful. Among the goods was a large consignment of candles and paraffin oil, and this was soon ablaze. Several trucks of coal were pushed into the raging furnace, and it was seen that the buildings were doomed. The fire brigade appeared, but could only look on helpless, and the crowd was in no mood for interference.

"More determined than ever, the crowd next found its way to the extensive bakery premises in Market Square, occupied by Gow and Taylor, and known as the Benoni Bakery. By twelve o'clock the place was ablaze, both at the back and in the front, and the looting began. Men, women, and children and Kaf-firs were kept busy for an hour running off with bags of flour, cakes, tinned goods, bags of sugar and everything they could lay hands upon. There was no attempt to stop them. The police were busy elsewhere, it is supposed, and the fire brigade could only parade the street. Mob law was supreme. Gow and Taylor's offense was the supplying of bread to the mine.

"During the day the firing of property was varied by the chasing of 'scabs.'"

It is difficult to get accurate information about the damage that was done during Friday and Saturday, when the streets were in a state of such disorder.

The principal items of damage, however, may be tabulated as follows:

Park railway station	£5,000
"Star" newspaper	20,000
Walshe's gun store	800
Bright's outfitting store	800
Perrin's Gun Store	500
Chudleigh's store	2,500
Skimwell's gun store	800
Plate glass in city stores, looting, etc..	10,000

Total £40,400

Tom Mann's memorable pamphlet was reprinted during the strike:

DON'T SHOOT! ADDRESS TO SOLDIERS.

By Tom Mann.

Men! Comrades! Brothers!

You are in the Army.

So are We. You in the Army of Destruction. We in the Industrial, or Army of Construction.

We work at mine, mill, forge, factory, or dock, producing and transporting all the goods, clothing stuffs, etc., which make it possible for people to live.

You are Working Men's Sons.

When We go on Strike to better Our lot, which is the lot also of Your Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, and Sisters, YOU are called upon by your officers to MURDER US.

DON'T DO IT.

You know how it happens—always has happened.

We stand out as long as we can. Then one of our (and your) irresponsible Brothers,



COMRADE MARY FITZGERALD

goaded by the sight and thought of his and his loved ones' misery and hunger, commits a crime on property. Immediately You are ordered to Murder Us, as You did at Mitchelstown, at Featherstone, at Belfast.

Don't You know that when You are out of the colours, and become a "Civy" again, that You, like Us, may be on strike, and You, like Us, be liable to be Murdered by other soldiers.

Boys, Don't Do It!

"Thou Shalt Not Kill," says the Book.

Don't Forget That!

It does not say, "unless you have a uniform on."

No! MURDER IS MURDER, whether committed in the heat of anger on one who has wronged a loved one or by pipe-clayed Tommies with a rifle.

Boys, Don't Do It!

Act the Man! Act the Brother. Act the Human Being!

Property can be replaced! Human life, never.

The Idle Rich Class, who own and order you about, own and order us about also. They and their friends own the land and means of life of Britain.

You Don't. We Don't.

When We kick, they order You to Murder Us.

When You kick, You get court-martialled and cells.

Your fight is Our fight. Instead of fighting against each other, We should be fighting with each other.

Out of Our loins, Our lives, Our homes, You came.

Don't disgrace Your Parents, Your Class, by being the willing tools any longer of the Master Class.

You, like Us, are of the Slave Class. When We rise, You rise; when We fall, even by your bullets, Ye fall also.

England with its fertile valleys and dells, its mineral resources, its sea harvests, is the heritage of ages to us.

You no doubt joined the Army out of poverty.

We work long hours for small wages at hard work, because of Our poverty. And both Your poverty and Ours arises from the fact that Britain with its resources belongs to only a few people. These few, owning Britain, own Our jobs. Owning Our jobs, they own Our very Lives.

Comrades, have We called in vain? Think things out and refuse any longer to Murder Your Kindred. Help Us to win back Britain for the British, and the World for the Workers.

"THE MINER."

Oh, the fore shift dark and dreary,

Oh, this lonely two o'clock;

Limbs may ache, and hearts be weary

Still there comes the caller's knock

And each blow upon the panels

Bids us up and don our flannels:

By the light of lamp or can'les

Batter at the grimy rock.

Just to get a bare subsistence,

Little earn'd and nothing saved;

With the workhouse in the distance

After we for years have slaved.

Some look on with holy horror

At each pitman's little error,

But 'twould much abate their terror

Could they see the dangers braved.

To the coal's grim face we travel,

And again our flannels doff.

Can they wonder if we cavil

At the ones much better off?

Like a snake our bodies coiling,

Weary hours' incessant toiling,

Through each pore the sweat comes boiling,

Think of this, ye ones that scoff!

Up while stars are dimly peeping

Through the midnight's sable gloom,

Up while pampered ones are sleeping

In their snug and cosy room,

Fore shift visions need not haunt them

Nor the pit's grim danger daunt them;

Oh, 'twas kind of fate to plant them

Where they could so safely bloom!

MATTHEW TATE,

The Pitmen's Poet Laureate, working at twelve, still working at seventy-five.—South Africa.



Photo by Andre Tridon.

TOM MANN

BILL HAYWOOD

Tom Mann In New York City

(From the New York Call, Aug. 3d, 1913)

TOM MANN, veteran of many labor fights in various parts of the world, especially Great Britain and Australia, made his first speech in thirty years in this country, August 3d, in New York City. About 1,000 persons welcomed the great agitator.

The greeting Mann received was intensely enthusiastic. He was cheered for several minutes and there were outbursts of applause during his address. William D. Haywood, who was chairman at the meeting, summed up Mann as a worker "who has no country, bows down to no flag and worships at no altar, but who is loved by the working class the world over."

Haywood, in welcoming Mann, declared that he would find conditions no different in this country than in England. Incidentally Haywood, who was one of the leaders of the Paterson silk strike, denied that it was over. "The strike is just

beginning, and the workers propose to fight the bosses harder than ever they did and to do this they mean to fight them with sabotage," he declared.

Mann had not been speaking ten minutes when a photographer took a flash-light picture of him. Mann met him with the following remark: "Shooter, are you all right? I am identified with the policy of don't shoot, so don't do it again until I tell you." The crowd was Mann's from that moment on.

"I have come from a country," continued Mann, "where poverty is so vile that every year millions of human beings die off twenty years before the natural term of their lives. This means social murder, not spasmodically or occasionally, but always there. The capitalist system in England is very successful, accumulating wealth faster than ever.

"Every month it throws thousands of workers into the semi-skilled or unskilled labor class. The capitalist system is not

increasing the number of well paid workers, but steadily diminishing them. Skilled labor is losing its place and losing it fast."

The "parliamentarians" had failed in Germany, said Mann, because "they respect law and order as laid down by the capitalists. They have failed to function because they have not centered their minds upon industrial organization. Not until they turned their eyes to industrialism was any change effected. I have seen the same thing in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, South Africa and in England.

"I was closely connected with the labor movement, both political and industrial, in Australia. There is a general idea that the eight hour law prevails in Australia. It does in some industries. The eight hour law has been established in some industries since 1856, but the men who took part in the fight were exiled. The capitalist has a complete grip upon Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania.

"As soon as the Australian sugar workers resorted to industrial action they got the eight hour day.

"In the smelting furnaces in northern Australia, although labor and Socialists have been returned to office, the men work seven days a week. In Ballarat, Victoria, Australia, one-half of the miners work under the contract system; that is, they get paid a regular day's wage if they produce gold, and some times they work months and months for nothing. You ask me how they live? They live on the earnings of their children. The miner there, when he works, never makes more than 22 shillings 6 pence a week. Never more.

"The real place to exercise power is in the places where work is done—if the workers control their labor they control wealth and can transfer the industrial

power from the dominant capitalist class to the laboring class.

"The power of the working class is increasing as fast as they realize their power and rebel against the ruling class."

"Trust to no savior but yourself—I don't care where I go after I die. I am thinking about now—trust to no politician or parliament, or to no class that is not your class. The thing to do is to educate.

"Solidarity is what will save you workers," cried the Englishman. "By banding together and educating yourselves alone shall you inherit the earth. We don't preach violence. We don't court violence, but if it comes we don't shun it. But violence is only incidental. In our fights it is something that cannot be helped.

"We do not advise violence, but we do not dodge it. After all, what we are engaged in is war. Capital does not hesitate to underpay us, overwork us, or risk our lives in bad factories if it can or dare. Why should we hesitate to lay our hand to any weapon that will wound capital? By fighting and refusing to be misled by compromises we have won heaps of strikes in England and you have only to look to France and Belgium to see the triumph of our doctrine of an invincible solidarity. So great and strong is our banding together in France and Belgium that violence is unnecessary to accomplish anything we wish. And, as we scorn the government, the government must come to us. So there is no chance of our cause being betrayed.

"The standard of life in Britain is better than ever it was. It is further away from the social hell than it was before we organized industrially. Consider yourself as a soldier in the workers' army and arm yourself with intelligence and know exactly where you are going."





ELEPHANT AT WORK IN BURMAH

The March of the Machine

By Mary E. Marcy

ONLY a few years ago a traveler might go, sometimes under great difficulties, from one country to another, finding not only different peoples, but varied laws, customs, governments and industries. Turkey was unlike any other land on the globe. China was a country distinct unto herself. When anybody mentioned South Africa, our minds immediately conjured up life in a semi-barbaric state and the jungles of Burmah and Siam had never been traversed by the feet of the white man.

Now all this is changed, and every day more rapidly changing, and traveling adventurers are complaining that all lands are taking on a dreadful sameness and that it is with difficulty that we may now find any country still untouched by the hand of the Caucasian.

History is being made all over the world at a pace never known before. Barbaric lands are being conquered by the "civilized" nations to make room for her

growing population or to find new markets in which to dispose of her commodities. Great mining, oil and commercial interests have forced their way over the weaker peoples, under *your* flag or *my* flag or *somebody's* flag, at the point of the gun, to snatch up the rich natural resources of the land and make them their own.

It is ECONOMIC INTEREST that has driven men into the fever infested swamps, over the deserts and through the jungles. And railroads have grown slowly over the roads they have traveled, railroads bearing new tools and strange commodities into the hearts of the new lands to the wondering people.

The telegraph is the natural corollary of the railroad, and at its feet have sprung up telephones and newspapers. And these bring, with a marvelous speed, new peoples, new customs—in fact, new blood throughout the old lands. Goods begin to be exchanged all over the changing

countries; circulation is stimulated. And news that had taken months to reach the interior is flashed across the wires daily.

And it is the MACHINE that has made these things possible. The printing press is the father of the newspaper and the invention of the telephone and telegraph enables us to flash the news around the world in time for the morning paper. The steam engine renders the unknown places accessible. It banishes the wilds. It brings the machines that are the real history-makers. After it come the new geographies.

INVENTION has put the out-of-the-way and barbaric corners of the world in touch with civilized lands. It was not the message of Plato that traversed the deserts, crossed the rivers and mountains to change the face of the lands, nor the message of Jesus or Buddah, or even Karl Marx.

Pure, unadulterated IDEAS never moved a spool of thread or lifted a teacup. All the teachers and missionaries in the world could not change the face of the Celestial Empire one-half so much as one railroad has accomplished in one year.

On the heels of the railroad spring up the modern industries. Large machine production takes the place of hand and small tool production. The modern factory, mill and shop is the great tool that supplants the old hand tool. The hand workers cannot compete with the machine-made products which can be sold at lower prices, and the hand-worker gives way before the *great machine*, the factory, the shop and mill, where machines, tended by human workers, perform great tasks with incredible ease and celerity.

MACHINE PRODUCTION is making history everywhere today before our very eyes. It was the invasion of the Western MACHINES far more than the introduction of Western ideas that occasioned the great Chinese Awakening. It is the wholesale introduction into Russia of the most up-to-date farming machinery that is revolutionizing the old autocracy today more than any other factor. Modern farm tools are making it impossible for the peasants to work the lands profitably on a small scale. They are being

freed from the soil and the great rush toward the rapidly growing industrial centers has begun.

In China we see a small group of brilliant and noble-minded men headed by Dr. Sun Yat Sen trying to guide the Chinese Revolution into the safe harbor of Socialism by entrusting the affairs of the Empire to those who will avoid the evils of capitalism. Dr. Sun hopes to see the Chinese "skip" the Capitalist system of society through the education and public spirit of her elected officials. He is hoping to evolve a PLAN for the establishment of Socialism.

But already we hear rumors of the unfaithfulness of those in high office and we predict that the State Socialism for which the Chinese are now working will evolve into State Capitalism, and nothing more. Socialism presupposes an ORGANIZED WORKING CLASS. No education can weld the workers together in a militant class conscious army, DRIVEN to fight, compelled to unite, as modern machine production does. Silently, steadily the factory system gathers the workers into large groups wherein their daily labors, their living conditions, their wrongs and interests are alike. Modern capitalist production is the great preparer for Socialism. It organizes the proletariat into one great mass with like aims, ideals and interest as nothing else can ever hope to do.

And now we see the advent of the railroad and the machine in Burmah. Report has it that the great Standard Oil Company is gathering in the great oil wells. Great Britain is now building railroads through the hitherto inaccessible jungles, and the great Change has begun.

Not long ago an English traveler wrote of his journeyings in the Burmese interior. Within a few yards of the new English railroad in process of construction he came upon a tangle of vegetation and a little party of Burmans. These wore rude hats woven out of vines and stalks. Their rough skirts, jackets and breechclouts were made out of cloth woven by hand, the product of the home-grown plant. Joints of bamboo served as cooking utensils. Signs of a modern civilization there were none. In the sur-

rounding forest chattered hundreds of scampering monkeys; the voice of the puma and other forest prowlers could be heard in the stillness of the night. But here, at the end of the slowly climbing railroad, he found the inevitable Standard Oil can.

At another village along the railroad, he found several of the natives had learned their first lesson in commercialism and were ready to sell food to any applicant. And the canned meats they had stuck up in their booths bore the label of the great American Beef Trust.

Every day sees new changes along the railroads in Burmah. When Harry A. Franck, in company with a chance companion, made the first trip by foot through the Burmah and Siamese jungles ever attempted by a white man, a few years ago, the trained elephants, driven by mahouts, represented the height of native attainment in construction power. In railroad building, elephants were sometimes used to haul timber. Franck saw gangs of natives at work building the roadbeds. There were neither steam cranes, "slips" nor "wheelers" to scoop the earth out of the paddy fields. Men used small hand shovels and carried the earth in flat baskets on their heads. But the elephant still represented the acme of power in construction work.

Since Burmah has fallen under the rule of the British, the oil fields and ruby mines will be worked under modern processes, if the Standard Oil Company has not already some claim on the Burmese possessions. Railways will soon traverse the forests and the civilization of which he saw only the first indications will assume sway in Burmah.

In his travels in the interior of Burmah, Mr. Franck found it impossible to buy food of the natives. In many places they very generously fed him freely. Where food was scarce they refused to sell or to give it away.

At one place he and his companion, being almost at the point of exhaustion, and having no money, decided that they would be compelled either to starve or exploit the shop-keepers—in other words, to eat their fill and run away. They chose a well stocked booth and eagerly devoured a bowl of rice and vegetable currie. They

then hastened away, in momentary expectation of angry pursuit. But no alarm was raised. On the contrary, the fugitives beheld the shop-keeper and his family literally doubled up with mirth at the delightful joke they had played upon them.

Wherever fruit and food grows naturally in abundance, the Burmese may be found in large numbers in the jungle. But even in the swampy regions you may occasionally run across a hut or two where Burmans in attap leaf hats and short skirts may be seen clawing the mud of tiny gardens. Their huts are of bamboo and entrance to them is made by a bamboo ladder. Joints of bamboo are filled with a coarse salt and coarser brown sugar, in place of bowls.

Many natives raise a small patch of cotton. Rice, fruit, fish, bread cakes, with red ants for dessert, are popular foods to the Burmans. Baked frogs and green lizards are in great demand in some places, but the red ant is the greatest delicacy of all to the Burmans. No native banquet would be complete without it.

According to him, all the men, women and children of Burmah are inveterate smokers, indulging in the "whacking white cheroots" mentioned by Kipling. These cheroots or cigars are from one to two feet in length and about an inch in diameter. One cigar may be enjoyed by the entire family, being passed from father to children or the mother, impartially, until everybody is satisfied. Many of the Burmans wear heavy leaden washers in the lobes of their ears. These large holes are used by them as pockets in which to stow away half finished say-bullys (cigars) or other dainties.

In a recent magazine article appears a long report of an Englishman's overland journey through German East Africa. "I have seen the latest automatic glass-blowing machinery in operation within a stone's throw of some of the savage tribes," he said. "The natives take the keenest delight in being employed where they can watch or tend machinery. I have seen big black boys offer to trade their wives for a Singer sewing machine. The possession of a sewing machine is a source of pride and delight to the village that attains one."



THE FIRST DAY OF THE STRIKE

The Copper Miners' Strike

By Edward J. McGurty

THE territory known as the "Copper Country" of Michigan is a peaked peninsula lying to the north of the Upper Peninsula. It is washed on three sides by the waters of Lake Superior, embracing the counties of Keweenaw, Houghton and Ontonagon.

The country is rich in copper and has one of the deepest incline shafts in the world, the Calumet & Hecla No. 7, at Calumet, which goes down about 8,000 feet. The Calumet & Hecla Company, with its subsidiaries, owns and controls practically all the property up here. For the past thirty years there has been no labor trouble here of any consequence. In that time the C. & H. has paid out \$125,000,000 in dividends on an original capitalization of \$1,200,000. The employees, many of them Cornish miners, have not revolted for years. They have submitted to every injustice and to tremendous exploitation.

For a number of years it was impossible for the Western Federation to make any headway in the Upper Peninsula.

Attempts at organization have been met by the sacking and firing of men. Little could be accomplished. Gradually the Federation formed organizations at various points along the range. The Finns were very zealous in keeping activity alive. This last year especial efforts have been made to organize the men of the various nationalities. Those working in the mines are Cornish, Finnish, Croatian, Italian and Austrian. Up to May first, about 7,000 men were taken into the union.

The companies have worked a pseudo-contract system and cheated the men outright. They have paid low wages, many of the men getting as low as a \$1.00 a day and some even less. The shifts have been long, running as high as twelve and thirteen hours. Last year the companies installed what is known as a "one-man" drill which is a man-killer.

It was the straw that broke the camel's back in the copper zone. On the night of July 22, men went from one end of the range to the other, on foot and in rigs



"RED JACKET" UNION HEADQUARTERS—CALUMET

rousing the miners and making known the strike order. The next day there were 15,000 mine-workers who had laid down their tools. Smelter-men, surface-men, under-ground-men, all were out and the copper mines were tied up as tight as a drum. Then the men who had not already joined the union began to make their way to the offices and in a few days 90 per cent of the miners were organized.

Directly the men went out the sheriff of Houghton county deputized about 500 men and sent them about to create trouble. They provoked the strikers to the breaking point and there were 500 deputies without stars or guns in a short time. There were also a few of them went to the hospitals.

The papers here, under the control of the companies, have, as usual, lied about the strike, slandered the strikers, burned the "locations" up in their columns; killed law-officers, etc. The second day of the strike the sheriff acting under orders from McNaughton, \$85,000-a-year-manager of the Calumet & Hecla, requested troops from Governor Ferris. Without any investigation of the situation Ferris ordered the entire state militia dispatched here. Protest after protest has been made by the people here, because the presence of the troops is for the purpose of creating trouble. But Ferris staltwarily keeps them here.

The commander of the troops is a real, dyed-in-the-wool conservative. He says that the refusal of the union men to work the pumps and keep water from flowing into the mines amounts to the DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY. Even in times of industrial war, the mine-owners are accustomed to meek wage slaves that pump the water out of the mines.

The troops have ridden up the streets of Calumet and Red Jacket at night on horse-back and have ruthlessly clubbed innocent men and women conversing on the side-walks. They knocked down an old man of 70, and threw a baby out of a buggy onto the pavement. They have shot at strikers all over the range when the strikers were doing picket duty.

One of the worst features of the situation is the importation of Waddel and his gunmen and thugs from New York. Two hundred and fifty of them have been scattered along the range. They are being deputized by the sheriff and are arresting men on sight who are known to be strikers. They are continually picking fights and quarrels. The men have decided that they will not put up bail but will fill the jails of Houghton county to the tune of 15,000 if need be. Such a spirit of fighting solidarity cannot fail.

Ferris asked for a conference of the Western Federation and the mine companies, but the companies refused to at-



SCENE AT HANCOCK, MICHIGAN

tend, maintaining that they would have nothing to do with the Federation. They make the usual spiel that the strike is the result of labor agitators.

The sheriff of Keweenaw county was forced to ask for troops by the companies. He has made an affidavit to the effect that he was forced to sign the telegram asking for troops. He has requested Ferris to withdraw troops from his county, but the governor has absolutely refused to do so.

The thugs imported here burned down a bankrupt store at Centennial and the papers put the blame on the strikers. Every effort is being made to plant dynamite and wild rumors are the order of the day. The troops arrested some strikers at Ahmeek and put dynamite into their pockets. Dynamite was "found" in Guy Miller's grips at a Houghton hotel.

So far they have been unable to intimidate the miners. The men are standing firmly. Parades are held every day along the 28 miles which comprise the range. Meetings of from three to six thousand are held every day in Calumet, Hancock, South Range and Mass City. There is no sign of weakening on the part of the men. They are determined upon a victory. They will refuse to submit to the slavery of the Copper Kings any longer. Thirty years of it has been enough.

The principal bone of contention at present is the recognition of the union.

The men have made up their minds on this point. The mine-owners have also apparently done so. The struggle is on in earnest. The miners are up against tremendous odds. They have absolute solidarity in their ranks, however, and that means a great deal. They are going to win! The copper barons are already desperate!

August 5th. The enclosed affidavit was sent to Ferris on the 29th of July and Ferris has absolutely refused to take the troops from this county. They are still in Keweenaw county at this writing.

Hon. W. N. Ferris, Governor,
Lansing, Michigan.

I, John H. Hefting, sheriff of Keweenaw county, Michigan, hereby certify, that I was requested and urged by certain mining officials to call troops, and I refused as I did not see any necessity, inasmuch as there had been perfect peace and order and not a single infraction of the law committed since the strike commenced. The said mining officials urged me to get your permission to call upon General Abbey for troops, in case I needed them and not otherwise. My intention was not to call troops into this county. On July 29, 1913, several troops appeared at the boundary line, and I protested against troops being brought into this county as conditions did not require it. Whereupon one of the officers of the army stated to me that if I did not permit the troops to enter Keweenaw county at that time, that no matter how bad conditions became even though the location would burn down, they would not give any assistance thereafter. The telegram was made out by the attorney for the company and my attention was called to sign it. I requested them to give me time

to consider the case at least one day, but their answer was that I must decide at once.

Therefore I request you to withdraw all troops from this county.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN HEFTING,
Keweenaw County Sheriff.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this day, the 29th of July, 1913. My commission expires March 4, 1917.

J. A. HAMILTON,
Notary Public.

The newspapers here carried on a three-day campaign to form a "back-to-work" movement and yesterday got one of the company tools to act as chairman, surrounded on the platform by shift and trammer bosses, at a meeting called by the Calumet & Hecla Co., to appoint a committee from the workers to meet with the bosses, and as the chairman put it, find out on what terms the C. & H. would allow its employees to go back to work. The miners saw through the game immediately and refused to "fall" for the game. They started the cry of "scab" and left the hall for union headquarters.

Mother Jones arrived today and was met at the depot by the strikers. They stood bare-headed in two lines two miles long, while she went through to the union hall. She refused to ride in an automobile which had been brought for her. Ten thousand strikers will pack the Palestra and neighboring halls tomorrow to hear her. She will then go over the range, addressing meetings in the various "locations."

The men are standing solidly. No greater demonstration of the "mass strike" has been seen in this part of the country. The Finns have made arrangements to send the women and children cut from the strike zone to the iron country of Michigan and Minnesota. They have received replies from Socialist locals and unions that they can take care of them. This exodus will probably be under way within a week if the Copper Barons do not relinquish their position.



MINERS' "HOMES"

The Latest in Ship-Building

By Winden E. Frankweiler

THE existence of steam and its expansive power was discovered nearly twenty centuries ago, but the means of harnessing the force and turning it to actual use was first accomplished by Thomas Newcomen, who patented his so-called "fire engine" in 1705. His crude appliance, consisting of a cylinder in which was a piston moved by steam power, formed the basis of the improvements of Watt and others, from which the present steam engine has been evolved.

This invention of Newcomen's was a practical steam engine but, although patented in 1705, it was not until 1709 that it was made ready for its actual work of raising water. The year 1909 was, therefore, the two hundredth anniversary of one of the greatest of the world's inventions—the invention of the engine which Fulton turned to commercial value in navigation one hundred years later, when he steamed up the Hudson at the rate of nearly five miles an hour, in spite of the jeers of the spectators, who laughed at "Fulton's Folly."

Just ten years later the American steamer "Savannah" crossed the Atlantic Ocean for the first time, in twenty-six days, in spite of "scientists," who tried to prove that this was as impossible as a voyage to the moon.

In 1838 the first regular transatlantic steamship line was established, while in the same year the first steamer driven by a screw was successfully tried in Europe.

Until the early fifties, transatlantic steamers were side wheel boats taking cabin passengers only. Owing to the space occupied by the engines and the great consumption of coal, they offered limited room for high-class merchandise at high rates of freight. Even with the high rates they could not have run at a profit if it were not for the high payment demanded for carrying the mails. The bulk of the freight business and the en-

tire steerage passenger traffic was still done by sailing vessels. Only the wealthy could ride on the side wheelers. By that time, however, steam as a motive power for ocean navigation had passed the experimental stage. The screw soon succeeded the cumbersome paddle wheel, the improved new style engines occupied less space than the old, and less coal was required.

Progress went on more and more rapidly; the time necessary to cross the ocean was gradually cut down from sixteen to ten days, then to eight and, in 1897, the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" made the voyage from Europe to America in six days. A few years later the "Lusitania" made it in five days.

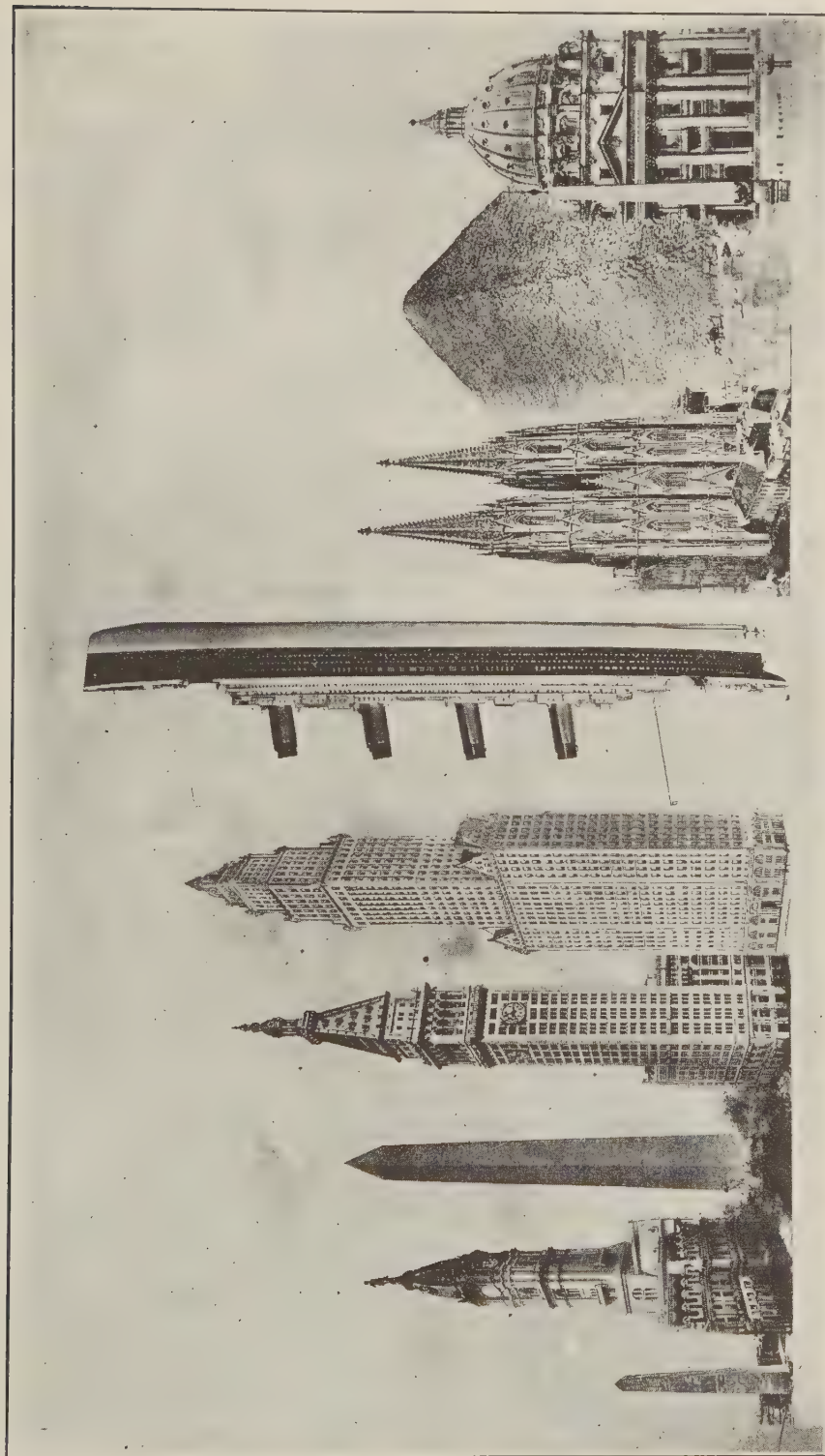
While the early ocean steamer had a length of 200 to 300 feet and about 200 to 300 horsepower, the latter named vessels are 700 and 800 feet long, respectively, equipped with engines of 28,000 to 70,000 horsepower.

There are too many ships of these sizes and power to name, so I give only the details of one of the latest and greatest conquerors of Neptune, the White Star Liner "Olympic," of which the ill-fated steamer "Titanic" was a sister ship.

This ship, which is fitted with two reciprocating engines and a steam turbine connected to three propellers, is remarkable rather by its enormous size than its speed.

Here are a few figures:

Tonnage, registered.....	45,000
Tonnage, displacement.....	66,000
Length over all.....	882 feet, 6 inches
Breadth over all.....	92 feet, 6 inches
Height of funnels above casing	72 feet, 0 inches
Distance from top of funnel to keel.....	175 feet, 0 inches
Number of steel decks.....	11
(Like a house of eleven stories.)	
Passengers carried	2,500
Crew	860



1 THE WHITE STAR LINER "OLYMPIC" COMPARED WITH THE TALLEST BUILDINGS AND MONUMENTS IN THE WORLD 9

- 1 Bunker Hill Monument, Boston.....221 feet high
- 2 Public Buildings, Philadelphia.....534 feet high
- 3 Washington Monument, Washington 555 feet high
- 4 Metropolitan Tower, New York...700 feet high
- 5 New Woolworth Bldg., New York...750 feet high
- 6 OLYMPIC882½ feet long
- 7 Cologne Cathedral, Cologne.....516 feet high
- 8 Grand Pyramid, Gizeh451 feet high
- 9 St. Peter's Church, Rome.....448 feet high

While referring to these numerical details, it may be well to point out that the largest plates employed in the hull are 36 feet long, weighing $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons each, and the largest steel beam used is 92 feet long, the weight of this double beam being 4 tons. Further, the colossal rudder, which is operated electrically, weighs 100 tons, the anchors $15\frac{1}{2}$ tons each, the center (turbine) propeller 22 tons and each of the two "wing" propellers 38 tons each. It is also interesting to note that each link in the anchor-chains weighs 175 pounds.

There are 2,000 sidelights and windows in the "Olympic," and the funnels are large enough for two railroad trains abreast. The accompanying picture gives an idea of the enormous size by comparing with the tallest buildings and monuments of the world.

The above figures are already surpassed as regards size and speed by the German liner "Imperator," being 910 feet long and having a velocity of $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour; it made her maiden trip in June, 1913. Although the "Imperator" has 50,000 register tons (loading capacity), which means 5,000 more than the "Olympic," the new steamer "Vaterland," also of the Hamburg-American Line, and which is in course of construction, will even beat the records of the "Imperator."

Since the steamship has leaped from 20,000 tons to 66,000 tons in twelve years, the 100,000 ton and 1,000 feet steamer is not an impossibility.

The driving force in this race for supremacy is, of course, economy, and the result of an economical fight between the small and the big steamship companies.

The larger the ship the cheaper the freight and the more comfortably the passenger can be carried. The smaller ship companies that cannot build such large steamers (the "Olympic" costs \$10,000,000) therefore cannot compete and are eaten up by the large companies.

The big steamers are indeed a great economy. Take, for instance, the "Kaiser Wilhelm II," a ship of 20,000 register tons, carrying 1,800 passengers and only a small amount of express freight and making the ocean trip in six days, needs 700 tons of coal a day, while the "Olym-

pic," with 45,000 register tons, carrying an enormous amount of freight and 2,500 passengers and making the trip in seven days, has a daily consumption of 800 tons of coal only.

Of all this wonderful progress in ship-building, the ship companies have gotten the best in form of big profits, while the seamen have practically been forgotten—the companies do their level best to offer most comfort and luxury to the first-class passengers. The new "Imperator" has a large swimming pool, all in marble, medical baths, a winter garden with grill room, a Ritz-Carlton restaurant, a private dining room, a gymnasium, etc., etc., so it is clear that, notwithstanding the large size of the ship, there is not much room left for those who do the work.

Anyone who thinks all these accommodations are not just a necessity, knows nothing of modern life, especially not what it means to digest heavy champagne dinners without exercise and how to make it possible to pass through long days without working.

Most laws and regulations of the early days of steam shipping have been left unchanged, because they are still suiting well the companies. While in those days a crew of 100 men was a big one, the new "Imperator" employs 1,300 men and carries over 4,000 passengers. Furthermore, the modern steamers cross the ocean within a week, and the changes of climate are more frequent and sudden.

The fast steamers go in fifteen to twenty days from the United States or Europe to South America, and therefore pass the equator about twelve times during one year, making twelve very sudden changes yearly from summer to winter for the people engaged upon the boats. Instead of taking these unnatural conditions into consideration and improving the lodgings of the men in proportion to the increased size of the boats, the men are sometimes "lodged" like herrings.

So, for instance, on the new steamer "Cap. Finisterre" (H. S. D. G.), sixty men are packed together in one room in such a way that five must lie side by side and two beds are placed one above the other. The prescribed number of cubic feet are taken away by the men's trunks

and clothes, because there are only a few closets. There are only two bullseyes (windows) of about ten inches in diameter, which, being only a few feet above sea level, must be shut in case there is some wind. The electric ventilator cannot be operated during the night, as it would cause headache or colds.

Now imagine the atmosphere in such

a room, produced by sixty perspiring men and their damp clothes.

And the causes of these inhuman conditions? Well, on this particular boat are also swimming pools and winter gardens; at the same time the company pays high dividends (14 per cent in 1912), but the real and true reason is, that most seamen are not organized.

Wake Up!

By M. B. Butler

THE world is full of wealth—an abundance for all—while you are starving. And you produced it all.

You build and run all the machinery of production. You produce all the good things of life; you put all the use value into things that they contain, and then give them to the rich loafer class, the human lice that prey upon you, that skin you till you are dead, and then even pilfer profits from your funerals.

All wealth should belong to the working class who produce it. But it was and is taken away from you without your consent. You cannot set the price on your labor power, nor on anything you sell, because you act singly as individuals against solidly organized capitalism. As an individual, you are a mote against a molehill. Solidly organized you would be as a mountain against a molehill. You have got to fight fire with fire, organization with organization, solidarity with solidarity.

Wake Up! Organize! Get one of your shopmates to stick with you. Then you two get two more, and continue thus until you have enough members for a charter. Then don't stop, but keep on and on. *This is the price of liberty.* Don't say that the other fellow "won't stick." The question is, *are you sticking?* *Are you organized?* *Do you agitate for better conditions?* The other fellows will stick together when *you* stick with them. They stuck together in Lawrence, Mass. They stuck together at

McKees Rocks. They stuck together in France, in England, in Norway and many other places. They are sticking together in the timber belt of the south, in San Diego, in British Columbia, and in too many other places to even mention. Do some "sticking" yourself; then talk about the other fellow sticking. You will be forced by starvation to stick, for the "iron heel" of capitalism will grind you into the dust until you do stick. We have arrived at that stage now, and we are sticking together now. Are you sticking with us?

This system is on its last legs. It is outgrown, and is so vile that it reeks with its own rottenness, and so brutal and murderous that its path is strewn with tears and blood, with prostitution and crime, with agony and death.

Fellow workers, haven't we suffered enough? Wake up! You are sleeping the sleep of death: Enlist, today, in the army of the Revolution! Help us to form the new industrial republic within the shell of the old. Help us to grow till we burst the old shell. Then we can own the industries which we built and run them in our own interests, and get the full product of our labor. Join the new, industrial Socialist movement. Join the Industrial Workers of the World, whose industrial solidarity never fails to put spasms of fear into every capitalist that they deal with.

WAKE UP! KICK OFF YOUR CHAINS AND BE FREE!



SOCIALIST HEADQUARTERS—SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Cinders and Smoke

By Bruce Rogers

CINDERS and Smoke, and the story is told.

All headquarters, libraries, book-stores, reading rooms, kitchens, city and county central and local offices of the Socialist Party, all headquarters of the Industrial Workers of the World, were mobbed, sacked and burned, with the police standing idly by like calves looking at a new gate. How quickly these splendid blue-coated heroes would have recovered their courage had the mob been long-suffering strikers marching or picketing under the law in a mere human effort to live! How quickly these tamed cowards would have become "bulls" had such strikers been madly bent upon the destruction of insured corporation property, and how quickly they would have found

a way to shoot to kill, and to beat with clubs the pregnant women, as at Lawrence! Never forget, O workers!

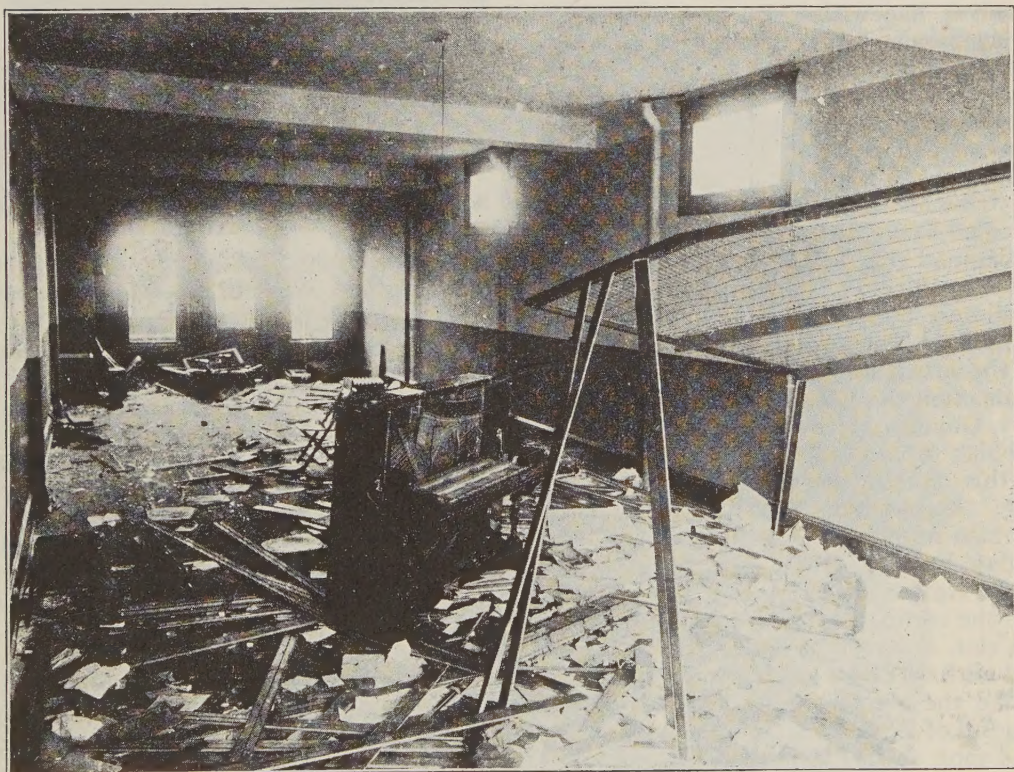
But don't blame the police. "Ordners is ordners," you know. Theirs is but to obey. Not a one of them could face any situation requiring initiative, individual courage, because men do not engage in their calling. They are but the black mercenaries of the Moloch's realm, eating the bread of treason to their own people. They are but pitiful intellectual eunuchs in the harem of Capitalism. Put the blame where it belongs. 'Blame the mutt of a mayor, the traditional "good man," the white ribboned and knighted mountebank, who, to get his office, tried to say that he was a virtuous Socialist, that he had the support of eminent "construc-

tive" Socialists, whatever that is, who was a friend and sympathizer of labor, and who now cringingly whines that the police did right in not doing their duty, because if they had someone would have been hurt. May the good Lord, or whoever it is, save the worker from his sympathizers, the vivisectors and analysts of his miseries from afar who are never found in the trenches with him!

Don't blame the other newspapers—the *Star*, the *Sun*, and the *P.-I.* They are the properties of stock corporations and must do as they are told by their certified owners, in order to "make good" on the job. For the same reason you cannot follow any hope to the courts or to the legislatures. All modern industry is corporate now with certificates of ownership scattered like snowflakes everywhere but to you. You pass an owner of the very shop you work in on the street, and you don't know him, nor he you, nor does he care. You could hardly find a judge, a

legislator or other public official who is not in this fashion a silent partner in some enterprise through which you are exploited. Yours is a class movement in a great class struggle, as all historic movements are, and it is your mission and your destiny in it to set yourselves free from the most facile system of bondage ever contrived. Blame the class that opposes you as such. Study the sources of its power, see how cleverly it is organized, and, if you would be free, seek power yourselves, and bear in mind that among our chains are ignorance, our fears, and our superstitions. Let us rid ourselves of them, respect ourselves instead of things ulterior to us, and stand upright at last!

Don't blame the common sailor and soldier. Among them is, we have every reason to believe, a preponderance of sentiment with us, repressed, of course, under the Articles of War. Most of them are in the service of potential murder be-



INTERIOR VIEW

cause of the same stupid ignorance that for so long a time has hung like a gloom and a pall over us all. The chances are that if they were told they might have their discharges today, three-fourths of them would walk out of the service without their accumulated pay. It's very dear tuition, but if you get well acquainted with any enlisted man, you will learn that the service is after all a great anti-patriotic school. Never overlook that it was a common sailor from a warship in port and a member of the organization who stole ashore and warned us of the conspiracy of riot then being arranged aboard ship.

Blame the eminent Secretary of the Navy, whose foolhardy and genuinely incendiary speech to a private club of the arrogant new-rich when published was the direct cause of it all. Although the papers as usual tried laboriously to lay the responsibility upon the I. W. W. and the "red" Socialists. The I. W. W., seeing that it was useless to attempt propaganda on the street during the "potlatch" carnival, had withdrawn from the street. A woman's rights propagandist, Mrs. Annie Miller, took the location. Interrupted by a sailor, she rebuked him. He returned presently with drunken companions and took her "stand." When she attempted to regain it he raised his hand to strike her when he was promptly man-handled by a "well dressed man, wearing a diamond ring." The onlookers handled the other drunks. The mad Blethen immediately charged the I. W. W. and Socialists with an assault upon the uniform of the army, and published in the same connection the complete speech of Secretary Daniels, saying, among other flag-phobic ravings, that there was no place in this country for followers of the red flag. Blethen has never been able to start so much as a dog fight in the light of day, but, with the aid of the Secretary of the Navy's speech, the shades of night, and the carnival spirit rife and boisterous, the riot, destruction and torching began, and with no effort at all to stay it. Don't blame the soldiers and sailors. Only a handful of them were used as tools by the land mob as a shield for their acts. Put the blame where the blame belongs, upon



I. W. W. FURNITURE

the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Josephus Daniels.

And lastly, don't blame the mob. It is true that there was not a single employer of labor among them. It is true that they were all workers or from the working class. There were a dozen or so half intoxicated young soldiers and sailors and a hundred or so wildly excited boys and extremely young men whom a half dozen policemen, if they had had "ordhers," could have stopped. Don't blame the mob. Look back of the mob. Look back or the staging of this lawless "patriotism," and see the material interests of the uneasy employing class.

In the meantime our headquarters are re-established, our book stores and reading rooms will be re-opened, and our work is proceeding as never before, and emerging from the Cinders and the Smoke is a fine spirit of Revolt.